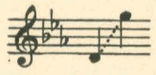
6-1

RUDOLPH GANZ

TWO FRENCH SONGS

WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT

Her Tooth

(*La Dent*)

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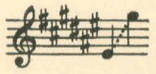
A Thought

(*Pensée*)

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NEW YORK
G. SCHIRMER
BOSTON

LA DENT

Fonxine, qu'as-tu?—
Mère, une dent qui me tourmente.—
Descend demain à la ville,
Il faut la faire arracher.

Fonxine, qu'as-tu?—
Le cœur qui me tourmente, mère!
J'aime tant Gabriel,
Qui ne peut pas m'aimer...
Que faire? Que faire?—
Si nous avions plus d'un cœur,
Je te dirai de l'arracher.

Mme BURNAT-PROVINS

HER TOOTH

Fonxine, what's wrong?—
Mother, I've a tooth aching and aching.—
Then you should go into town
To-morrow, and have it out!

Fonxine, what's wrong?—
My heart's aching and aching, Mother!
For I love Gabriel so,
Though he'll never love me;
What shall I do? Do tell me!—
If you only had more than one heart,
Then I would say, Go have it out!

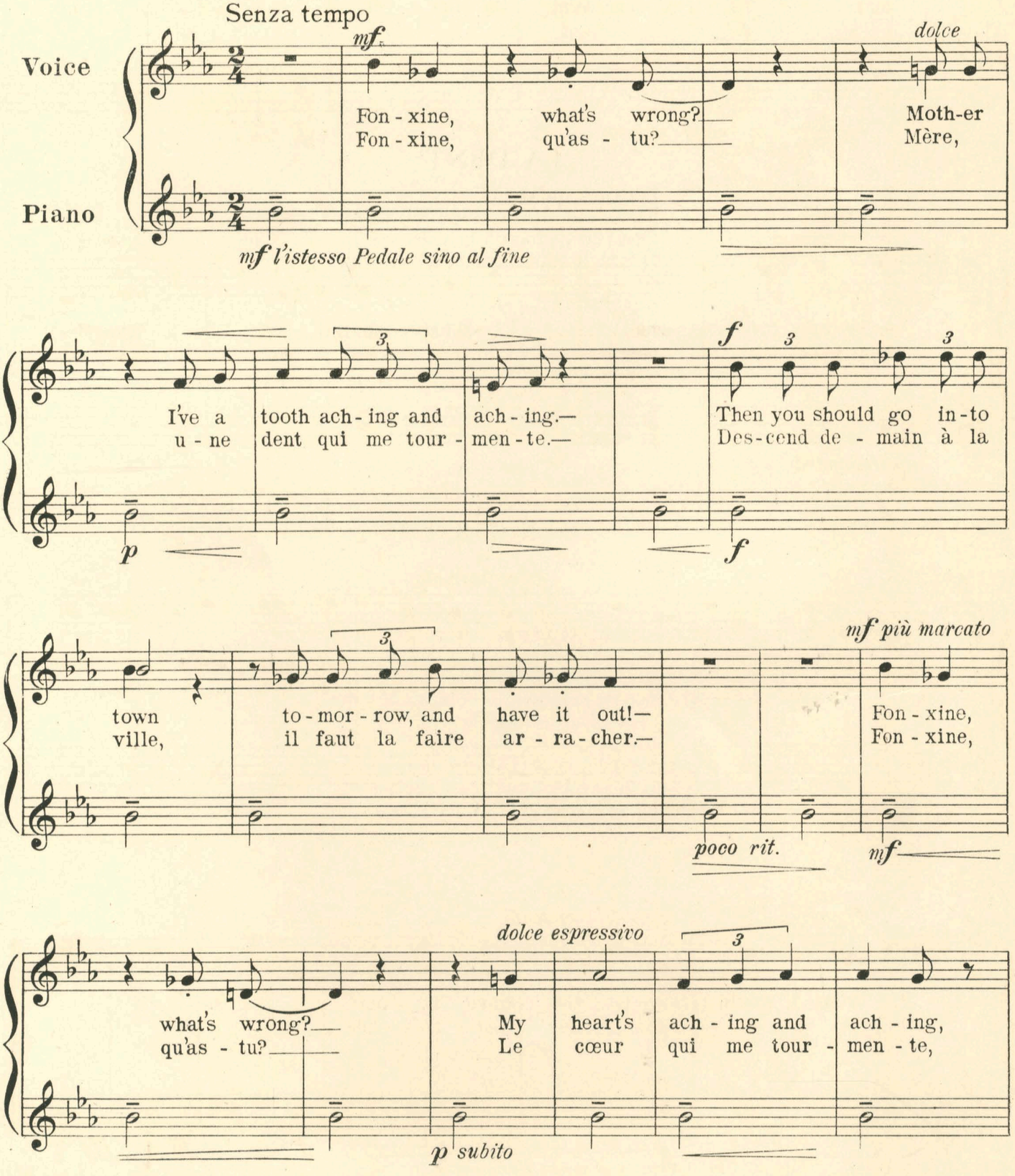
Translation by Dr. TH. BAKER

à Madame Yvette Guilbert

Her Tooth

La Dent

*Words by Mme Burnat-Provins
English version by
Dr. Th. Baker

Music by Rudolph Ganz

Senza tempo
Voice
Piano
mf
dolce
Fon - xine, what's wrong?
Fon - xine, qu'as - tu?
Moth-er
Mère,
mf l'istesso Pedale sino al fine
I've a tooth ach - ing and ach - ing.—
u - ne dent qui me tour - men - te.—
Then you should go in - to
Des - cend de - main à la
p
f
town to - mor - row, and have it out!—
ville, il faut la faire ar - ra - cher.—
mf più marcato
Fon - xine,
Fon - xine,
poco rit.
mf
what's wrong?
qu'as - tu?
dolce espressivo
My heart's ach - ing and ach - ing,
Le cœur qui me tour - men - te,
p subito

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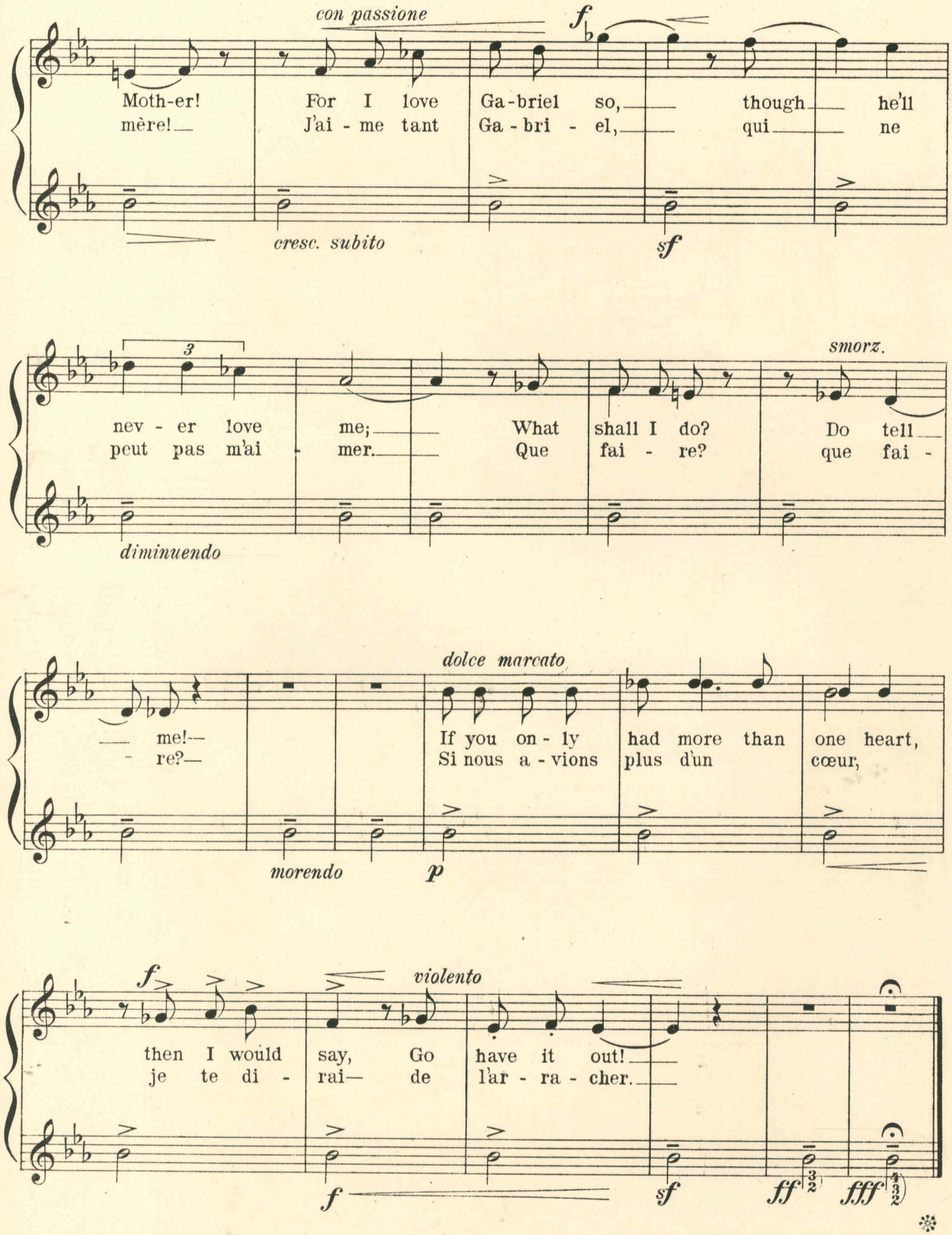
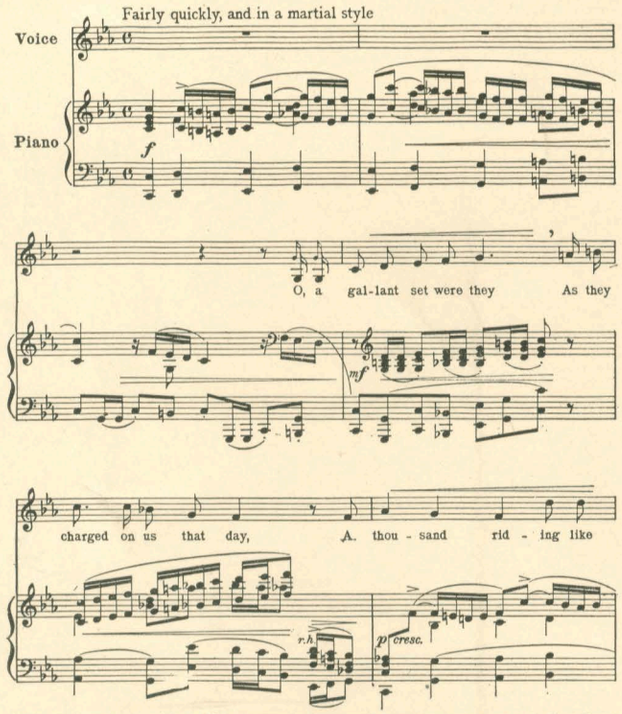

con passione
f
Moth-er! For I love Ga-briel so, though he'll
mère! J'ai - me tant Ga - bri - el, qui ne
cresc. subito
sf
smorz.
nev - er love me; What shall I do? Do tell
peut pas m'ai - mer. Que fai - re? que fai -
diminuendo
dolce marcato
me!— If you on - ly had more than one heart,
re?— Si nous a - vions plus d'un cœur,
morendo
p
f
violento
then I would say, Go have it out!
je te di - rai— de l'ar - ra - cher.
f
sf
ff
fff

Songs for a baritone voice by BRYCESON TREHARNE

The Huguenot

Mary E. Coleridge*

Bryceson Treharne

Fairly quickly, and in a martial style
Voice
Piano
O, a gal-lant set were they As they
charged on us that day, A thou - sand rid - ing like
r.h.
cresc.

* The words used and reprinted by kind permission of Miss Mary E. Coleridge's literary executor, Sir Henry Newbolt

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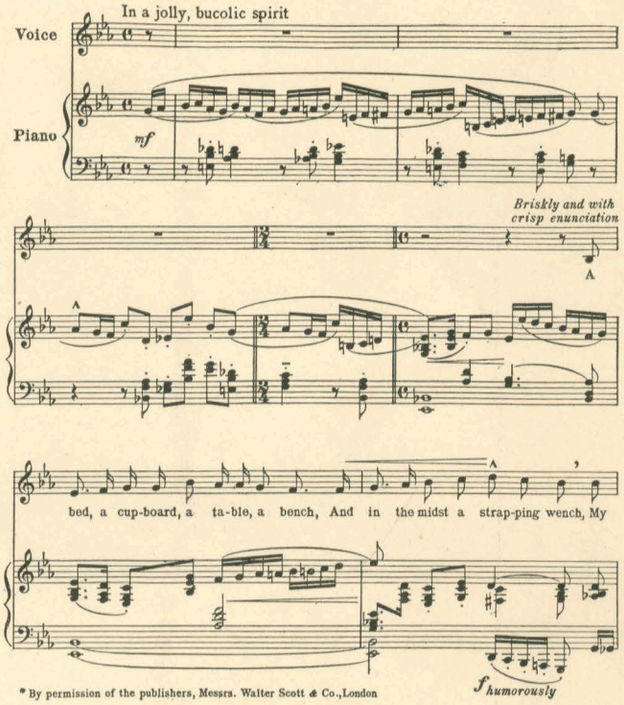
Jeannette

From the German of Otto Julius Bierbaum by Jethro Bithell*

Bryceson Treharne

In a jolly, bucolic spirit
Voice
Piano
Briskly and with crisp enunciation
A
bed, a cup-board, a ta-ble, a bench, And in the midst a strap-ping wench, My
humorously

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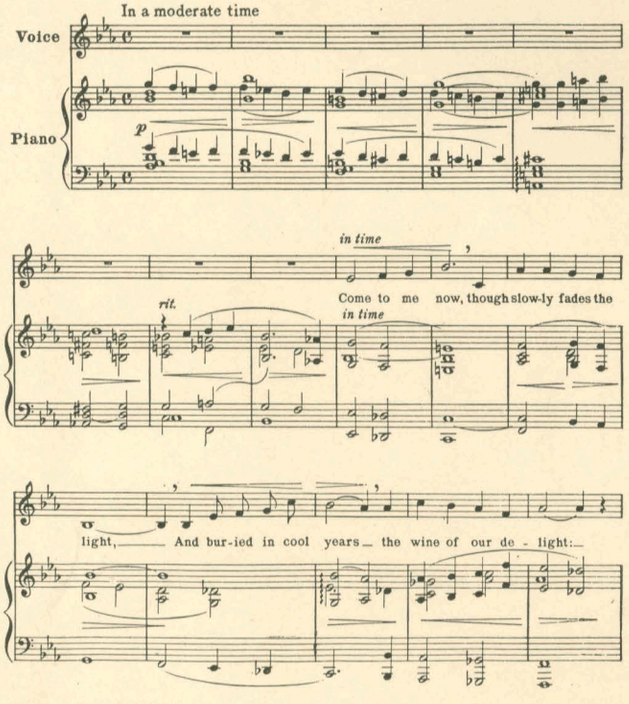
Come to Me Now

Words by Edward Storer*

Music by Bryceson Treharne

In a moderate time
Voice
Piano
in time
Come to me now, though slow-ly fades the
rit.
in time
light, And bur-ied in cool years the wine of our de - light:

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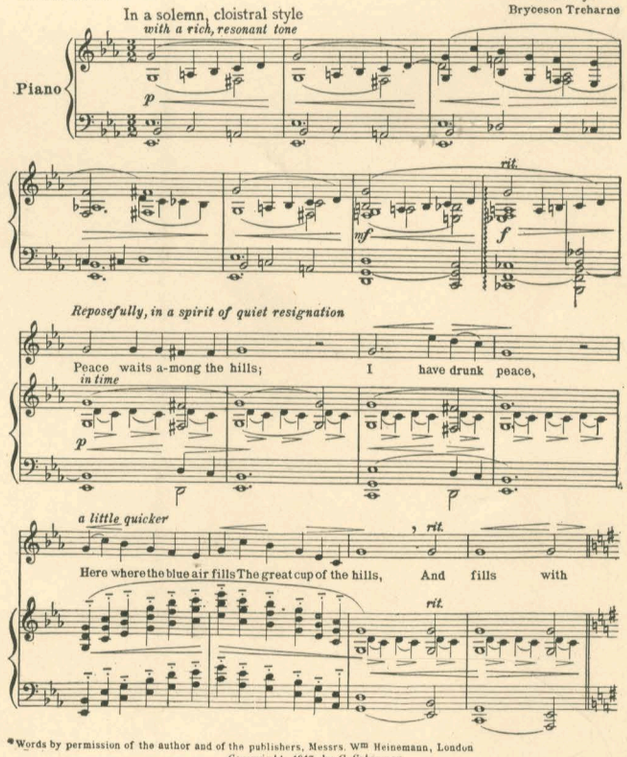
Montserrat

Words by Arthur Symons

Music by Bryceson Treharne

In a solemn, cloistral style
with a rich, resonant tone
Piano
rit.
Reposefully, in a spirit of quiet resignation
Peace waits a-mong the hills; I have drunk peace,
in time
a little quicker
rit.
Here where the blue air fills The great cup of the hills, And fills with
rit.

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